

4to E L E G I E S .
PARTHENOPHIL | *



These are those scholar-like vexations
Which grieve me, when those studies I
apply. I miss my lesson still! but, with
love's rod, For each small accent
sounded but awry, Am I tormented!
Yet, I cannot die !

ELEGY I I I .



SWEET thraldom, by LOVE'S sweet
impression wrought. LOVE ! in that
bondage ever let me live ! For LOVE
hath brought me bondslave, with a
thought!

And to my thoughts, LOVE did me bondman
give! Ah me, my thoughts' poor prisoner., shall I
rest ?

And shall my thoughts make triumph over
me ?

First, to fierce famished lions stand address!
Or let huge rocks and mountains cover
thee! Behold one, to his fancies made a
prey!

A poor ACTION, with his hounds devoured !
An oakj with his green ivy worn away!
A wretch consumed with plenties great down
poured ! A garment with his moth despoiled,
and rotten !

A thorn, with his bred caterpillar cankered!
A buried CAESAR, with his fame forgotten!
A friend betrayed by those on whom he
anchored ! Behold a fire consumed with his
own heat!

An iron worn away with his own rust!